Our Fourfooted Friends

AND HOW WE TREAT THEM

EDITED BY MRS. HUNTINGTON SMITH

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E. Deger

CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF HUMANE WORK

Hotel for Cats and Dogs.

Tramp dogs and cats in Chicago are to have a $20,000 hotel, the gift of society women who are interested in the work of decreasing the suffering of dumb animals. Members of the Anticruelty society are active in the movement, but others will aid the project. At a special meeting of the Anticruelty society $8,000 was pledged in a few minutes as a nucleus for the hotel fund.

Square Deal for the Horse.

One of the finest fruits of the Christian spirit is the growing kindness of the age toward dumb animals. A striking and beautiful illustration of this modern sensitiveness to the ill-treatment and suffering of domestic creatures is the plea for the horse, now becoming known as the "Dow plan." The story of this new movement, which is as fascinating and thrilling as a romance, may be briefly told. The "plan" cannot be appreciated without a word regarding the author from whom it takes its name.

A score and more years ago a druggist in Cincinnati by the name of Dow died, leaving his modest and unpromising business to his daughter Cora. Frail in physique and health she yet possessed an indomitable spirit. Today ten drug stores, occupying the most strategic locations in the city, bear her name and are backed by a strong drug syndicate. Keen, incisive, alert, she spins in her auto from center to suburb and from store to store, choosing her lieutenants and following the details of her business with the skill and strength of a general. Such is the personality of Miss M. Cora Dow, whose womanly heart took compassion on the ill-treated and overworked horses of her city.

Three years ago she conceived the idea of a "horse vacation," beginning by sending the splendid animals in the service of the Dow stores into the country for a two weeks' rest and grazing in pasture. The idea was further exploited in a circular letter, now sent annually, on May 1, to all the leading business firms in the city. The letter encloses a four page folder, having as its frontispiece a striking cut of a horse's head, above which are these words: "PLEASE BE KIND TO ME. I WORK HARD FOR YOU." Two pages of the folder are given to the story of a successful driver, to principles, to good advice and to directions as to treatment and care of horses, with a final page containing The Horse's Prayer to his master. It is a strong and convincing plea and reaches the heart of every intelligent owner and driver.

The business community made instant and remarkable response, and "horse vacations" are now the rule in Cincinnati. The slogan of this humane movement—"A Square Deal for the Horse" is educational in purpose, aiming to develop interest everywhere on the part of men, women, and children in behalf of the horse. Folders are sent to the 800 or 900 firms with which the Dow stores do business, asking them to use in some part of their advertising matter the following:

> A SQUARE DEAL FOR THE HORSE
>
> We believe every horse deserves three ample meals daily; water frequently; proper shoes; a blanket in cold weather.
>
> Two weeks' vacation annually.
>
> THROW AWAY THE WHIP

The same favor was asked of 2,500 business houses, insurance companies, railroads and banks throughout the country. Within thirty days fifty per cent. of these responded favorably. As a result fifty million pleas for the horse are now being floated without expense on the business literature and advertisements of the biggest firms in the country.

Not only have local merchants and business houses adopted the plan of an annual two weeks' vacation for their horses, but the United States Government now grants each horse in its service a vacation of twice that length—thirty days —annually.

(I am afraid that this statement cannot be verified.—A. H. S.)

In order to eliminate the personal element and avoid any impression that her business is seeking to exploit the cause of the horse for advertising purposes, Miss Dow hides her personality under the auspices of the Ohio Humane Society, by which all this splendid literature is spread broadcast.

Through another folder, strikingly illustrated, and entitled *A Plea for Kindness,* similar work has been undertaken in behalf of the dog. The movement is rapidly creating in the business and industrial world new interest in and kindness toward all domestic animals. In extent and influence it must be recognized as another product and proof of the finer temper and spirit of this Christian age. — *The Congregationalist and Christian World.*

Horses' Aid.

The Horse Aid Society, a humane organization for the betterment of overworked horses, opened its first stable at 437 East Fifty-third Street, March 20, with a public reception. The stable was informally opened about two months ago, and the reception was to give the members of the society and their friends an opportunity to visit the stable and see how well the horses of poor owners were being cared for.

The 150 guests on their arrival were taken through the stable by Mrs. Jacob M. Ehrlich, president of the society, and one of the principal organizers. The stable, which is the first of a chain the society hopes to establish throughout the city, will accommodate forty horses. There is a large yard back of the stable, and in the yard there are a dozen inclosures for sick horses.

The stable has plenty of light, is sanitary, and is in charge of an experienced stableman. At present it shelters ten horses. Mrs. Ehrlich showed photographs of the stables from which these horses were taken. Some were dark and filthy and into them the sunlight never shone. She said that because of the darkness many horses became blind.

The society intends opening a stable in Brooklyn, and one in Harlem in the near future, and, when funds are available, others on the east and west sides. Mrs. Ehrlich said the stables were for the horses of peddlers, small expressmen, and others who depend for their livelihood upon the services of a horse, and to whom its condition is of vital importance.

When horses are sick or disabled, others will be loaned by the society, so that while their horses are recuperating the owners will suffer no loss. At present many owners, she said, are not able to pay for suitable stables, and are compelled to put their horses into ramshackle stables, where wretched conditions prevail. As a result the horses in the summer are stifled by the heat and tormented by insects, or in winter suffer from the cold. The price the society charges for stabling horses is to be far below that demanded at the cheapest stables.

The stable is weatherproof, has comfortable stalls, and veterinary surgeons may be consulted for a nominal sum. The society will maintain also rest farms for broken-down horses. At present it has at disposal at Huntington and Hempstead, L. I., farms where horses may be sent. The society has a membership of more than 300.—*New York Times.*

The above enterprise is on the same plan as the Model Boarding Stable carried on for two years by the Animal Rescue League. During the time it was carried on over 125 horses were boarded, and in connection with it 200 horses, belonging to men unable to pay, received free treatment. Thirty horses were boarded from three to ten weeks free of charge on account of accident, illness or death of owners, giving time for recovery of the owner, or in case of his death, holding the horse until a good sale could be arranged for the widow.

About twenty of the horses boarding in the stable were sent to Pine Ridge, the country annex of the League, and kept at the Home of Rest for Horses until rested and fit for work again.

Though a few members of the League were greatly interested in this work and gave generous help, the number of those interested was not large enough to warrant the League in continuing the work and to our great regret we felt obliged to give it up.

We believe, however, that the influence of it was felt by humane people all over this country. and we hope that others who, like Mrs. Ehrlich, may start such a work, will be more widely encouraged and more generously supported.

The improvement in the horses taken into the Animal Rescue League Stable was even greater than we had hoped to see, surprising the owners and drivers of these boarders who had not realized what a difference good care and feed would make.

We thought it would be an advantage to have this work for horses under the management of the Animal Rescue League but in thinking it over it seems possible, if not probable, that an independent work would receive more help. Those who give generously to carry on the work of the Animal Rescue League for some reason did not like to double the amount they were giving in order to carry on another branch of the League work. It probably seemed too much to give to one organization and easier to give to what seemed to them like another charity. I cannot quite understand this point of view but find it is very common, though fortunately, not absolutely universal.

To a certain extent we find the same trouble in carrying on our Home of Rest for Horses where we could double the amount of good we are doing if we could interest a larger circle of friends. As it is, this work is kept up by a comparatively small circle of our friends.

I cannot refrain from saying in this connection that in our work for horses, which in more ways than one is doing a great amount of good, we are receiving practically no help whatever from men and women who are well known in the business and social world because of their ownership of, and supposed interest in horses. Apparently their interest is purely selfish. They have, we must believe, no sympathy for overworked, tired-out, half-starved horses, and no desire to help them. Yet these very horses the League is helping may be horses they tired of and sold. For example, I have just heard of a thousand dollar pair of carriage horses, with docked tails, being sold at a low price to a man who will work them to death in city or contract work, if what we hear of him and his cruel indifference to the comfort of his horses is true. From polo players and from men and women who own "trotters", we get no help in our work for worn-out horses that have worked hard and suffered much in man's service. Why is this?

VISITORS PETTING A PONY AT PINE RIDGE HOME OF REST FOR HORSES

Misrepresentation.

There is a singular lack of justice in the world which is often very depressing and discouraging to those who believe in fair dealing. Probably all charitable organizations suffer from the unjust criticisms of women who repeat injurious gossip without taking pains to see if it is true.

I have recently heard such entirely false statements made about the League work that I cannot understand why, if the persons repeating these stories did really believe them, they did not at once write to the president of the League protesting against what should really be a matter of public disapproval.

In a letter received from the secretary of the Animal Refuge of Baltimore, I was informed that an "ex-member" of our League, now residing in Baltimore, declared in a large meeting held by the Baltimore society, that the Boston Animal Rescue League gave away or sold animals for vivisection. The writer of the letter appeared to accept this public statement without question and without asking any proofs.

Who this "ex-member" of our League is who has removed to Baltimore and circulated an absolutely false report of our work—a report which has not a shadow of truth in it—I do not know. It seems to me for such a statement as this, which must injure a good work to some extent, the woman guilty of circulating it ought to be a subject for a suit for libel.

If this woman before leaving Boston believed that we were allowing the defenseless animals we spend so much time, strength and money to save from suffering, to be handed over to a death by torture, why did she not come to the president or write to the members of the board of directors and protest against such misuse of the animals we receive? Yet neither of these things did she do.

There is a saying, "The receiver is as guilty as the thief." As this woman did not protest, she was as guilty as if she did the deed she imagined we were doing. If she had protested, she would have been asked for proof of her story, and she, herself, would have been given unmistakable proof that every possible care, short of having every animal we receive immediately killed, is taken to prevent one of the least of these creatures from being used for experimentation.

It is true that when dogs and cats are placed in homes, no matter how great care is exercised, some of them may run away or be stolen and come to grief. Because we fear this so much, we exercise such care that we are frequently criticized on this score, and do not mind it.

The comfort and safety of the animals stand first with us. We pay the utmost attention to their comfort while they are with us, and to their safety if we let them go out from us. Any one who doubts this has only to visit our home, coming with a fair, unprejudiced mind, to be assured that this is true.

We do not let them shiver and freeze in cold rooms, or in poorly built shelters in winter. Dogs and cats love warmth, and doubtless many of those that are found on the streets have been kept in warm cellars and kitchen until the families moved away and left them.

We feed our animals regularly and generously. The poorest mongrel is as well fed and cared for as the best dog in the kennels. Our bill last year for food alone was over one thousand dollars. I would rather have no shelter at all than not to have one where all the conditions relating to keeping the animals are made as homelike and comfortable as can possibly be in what might be called an institution.

We realize fully through long and careful study of the animals—a study quickened and made easy through love—that even in these comfortable, steam-heated rooms, with bread and meat morning and night and dog biscuit in the middle of the day if they want it, and large yards to exercise in where the sun shines nearly all day, we cannot make them as happy as they would be in a home by themselves, so we wish to keep them alive in this partial confinement only long enough to give us opportunity to get for them *good* homes—they would much better be dead than be placed in homes where they are not going to be loved, well fed, sheltered at night, not chained up, not kept in a cellar. We would far rather place *one* in a good home than *fifty* in doubtful homes.

We have found in the past that those who have circulated false reports with regard to our work have usually been actuated by some personal grievance which would not bear examination by any unprejudiced hearer.

We recently had a visitor who had been told various untruths about the League. When she saw our large yards, our very pleasant, comfortable rooms where the animals were kept inside, when I lifted the covers of the bins filled with dog bread, and with good loaves of stale bread supplied by a baker, and told her how much meat we purchased and how well the dogs and cats were fed, and when she saw the kind faces of our men in charge, she acknowledged that she had been given a very wrong impression of our place and of the work.

It is inconceivable to me how any one who even pretends to be fond of dogs and cats should repeat or believe stories against a work in their behalf without making the most thorough investigation first. They cannot really love animals or they would not injure or try to injure a work that they ought to uphold without first being sure that the work is doing more harm than good.

I can feel some respect for the woman who says frankly that she will not help us because we kill animals (though I always wonder if she eats the flesh of animals, or wears furs or feathers, or is willing to take all the homeless animals she sees into her own house), but I have no respect whatever for the woman who, because of some personal prejudice or grievance, goes around circulating false reports about a work that she really knows nothing of, and has taken no pains to examine into.—A. H. S.

STORIES FOR OLD AND YOUNG

Mother Love.

A small fire in a blacksmith shop revealed an incident of almost human mother love in a shepherd dog. The fire broke out in a far corner of the shop from the brazier in which some live coals had evidently been left. The flames were noticed from the street and an alarm turned in.

Before the arrival of the fire department, some of the passersby broke down the door for the purpose of taking out a horse which was stabled in the shop. A large, intelligent looking shepherd dog kept up a continual uproar of barking while the men were engaged in breaking in. The horse was led out and the rescuers, with a policeman who had joined them, turned their attention to saving the dog. Contrary to expectations, the dog refused to budge.

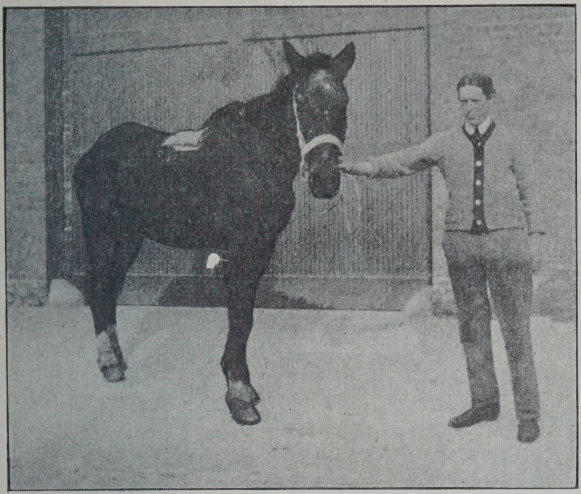
By sheer force, two men and the policeman succeeded in dragging out the struggling dog, which barked and snapped in a savage manner. Others held her to keep her from returning to the blazing shop while the men went back to see what else could be saved. In a corner of the room, tucked away peacefully sleeping, were found three little puppies scarcely more than a week old, that had been left behind when the mother dog had been dragged out of the blazing shop.

When the puppies were carried out by the policeman and restored to her, she became quiet and happy. The puppies were all taken to a nearby house and left for the night.—Denver, Colorado.

The Easter Rabbit.

There is a curious and very sweet little legend cherished by German children concerning the Easter rabbit. Once upon a time, they tell us, a nice, kind rabbit, who was walking along a quiet woodland road, came across a fine, large nest filled with eggs. The poor mother hen had been seized by a wicked fox and could not go back to her darling nest, so this kind rabbit slept all night upon it, and when he woke in the morning (it was Easter morning) the nest was full of little downy, yellow chickens. The chickens thought the rabbit was their own mamma, so they cried out for something to eat, and the rabbit ran about and fetched food for them and kept them warm and fed until they were all old enough to take care of themselves. Ever since then the rabbit has been the special genius of Easter time, and this holiday is not complete for German little folk without an "Oster Hase's nest." It holds many a favor and present, serving the same purpose that Christmas stockings and wooden shoes do at Christmas time.—*Woman's Home Companion*.

The Annual Report for 1911 is now out and will be sent to any address upon receipt of six cents in stamps.



VERY LAME HORSE SOLD TO BE SENT TO MAINE. SEE PAGE TEN.

A May-Day Party.

This simple little play is written as a suggestion for a garden party. It is only a frame which can be filled in with such out-of-door games and dances as circumstances admit. A platform, for example, could be placed on the grass where some little girl could dance the Highland Fling or any other single dance. If a horse that is gentle enough for the purpose of the play is not available, the play could be carried out with the dog which the boy is accused of stealing.—A. H. S.

CHARACTERS.

Gertrude Bond (May Queen).
Harold (one of the largest boys).
The Boy (about Harold's size).
Mrs. Bond (Gertrude's mother).
Mrs. Dale (a visitor).
Bob } small boys
Johnny } small boys
An Old Horse.
A Dog.

From 12 to 20 boys and girls, their ages varying from six to fourteen years.

Scene opens on a little company of boys and girls, their ages ranging from six to twelve. They are out on the green where a May-pole with colored ribbons is erected. Each boy and girl holds an end of a ribbon and they dance around the pole, weaving the ribbons in and out as they dance to music from a small orchestra placed near by under a tree. On the left, a little in the background, is a haycock.

After the dance is ended the dancers march two by two around the pole to a chair that is raised a little above the ground; they seat a pretty girl about 12 years old in the chair, crown her with a wreath of Mayflowers, put a light wand in her hand and passing before her, in marching order, bow as they pass her singing—"Hail, Queen of the May."

They then throw themselves down in careless ease, some sitting at her feet, some reclining on the grass. Harold, one of the largest boys, steps forward, bows to her and asks:

"What is it the Queen's pleasure we shall do now?"

"Let us have some games!" a girl cries, and several shout in chorus,—"Games, games!"

Gertrude Bond, the queen, jumps down from her chair and forms the company in two lines, the boys and girls opposite each other, then tells them to play "Balm-a-Gilead, Way down on Bigelow Farm."

They play it with enthusiasm, laughing a great deal, and singing loudly in the chorus.

Queen: "Now we've had enough of this. Boys, I order you to give us the potato race." (Any cheerful game that is not rough can be played here.)

The boys arrange themselves for this and the girls sit down on the ground and watch them, laughing and clapping their hands.

All rest a little. The Queen gives prizes to the boys who won the race, and there is lively conversation for a few minutes.

"Let us have another dance," several girls say. "We would like to dance all the afternoon," say others.

Harold steps forward. "I know something great—something that you girls would go crazy over if I told you."

Girls: "What is it? What is it?"

Harold: "Oh, no matter now. I guess I won't tell."

Girls: "You mean thing! You tell us, quick! or you shan't dance with any of us."

Harold: "I'll tell, if the Queen will dance with me."

Girls: "Oh, dance with him, Gerty! Do!"

Gertrude: "Well, tell us. What is your great secret?"

Harold: "I know of a lady who has no children, but she's got a big place, lawn, garden, everything splendid, and she thinks of giving the young people of this village a party."

Girls: (dancing up and down, and clapping their hands) "Oh, Oh! How lovely! When?"

Harold: "I don't know. Pretty, soon, I think."

Girls: "Who is she? Where does she live?"

Harold: "Her name is Mrs. Dale. She lives over the hill in a lonesome sort of place—I forget the name. She hasn't lived there long. I went over there with father. He had some business with her and I heard her say,—' I should like to have some young people here this summer and give them a garden party.'—Come now, Gerty, you promised to dance with me."

The music begins and the children go to their places. They dance and while they are dancing there enters upon the scene from behind the haycock a pale, poorly dressed, dusty boy of about 12, leading an old horse. A dog is following him. They look very dejected and tired. They stop, and the boy looks earnestly at the dancers. The dancers draw nearer him and suddenly Harold, who is leading the dance with Gertrude, stops. The music goes on very softly.

Harold: "What are you doing here on private grounds?"

Boy: "I didn't see any fence and I thought 'twas an open field. I wanted to inquire my way."

Harold: (very sharply) "*We* don't know your way. Turn around and go straight ahead. *That's* your way."

Boy: "Could we rest here a little while and get some water? It's hot walking and we're tired and thirsty."

Harold: (very smartly) "Don't you see you're stopping our dance? Come, take your menagerie off this lawn quick, or I'll help you."

Harold picks up a little stone and is going to throw it at the dog when Gertrude holds his arm.

Gertrude: "Let him alone, Harold. He looks awfully tired and he isn't doing us any harm." She turns to the boy: "Here boy, you sit down and rest against that pile of hay, and let your horse help himself. It's my father's hay and he won't care. Bob, you run and get a pail of water and ask mother to give you some of our sandwiches. We've got plenty to spare for him, and the poor dog too." (A little boy runs toward the house.)

Boy: (taking off his hat) "Thank you very, very much." Sits down against the hay, takes out a handkerchief and wipes his forehead. The horse begins to eat the hay greedily. The dog lies down beside his master.

Harold: (in a loud voice) "Your're too good, Gerty. I'll *bet* he stole the horse, and the dog too!"

Gertrude: "That is cruel of you! I shan't dance with you if you talk that way."

Harold: "Well, I'll ask him where he got them, any way. (Turns to the boy.) Say! Where'd you get that old skate of a horse?"

(The children gather around to listen.)

Boy: (laying his hand gently on the horse's nose) "He's my horse."

Harold: (loudly) "I said, *where* did you get him?"

Boy: "He belonged to my father. My father was carried off to the hospital three days ago, and he told me to take the horse and dog and try to find my aunt. I've been walking ever since and I'm awfully tired."

Harold: "That's a *likely* story! If you're as poor as you look, why didn't you sell your horse?"

Boy: (indignantly) "Do you think I'd sell an old horse that my father had before I was born, a horse that has worked for us for years? I *guess* not, even if I *am* poor. As for stealing a dog, I wouldn't do such a cruel and mean thing as that if I were starving! My aunt will take care of us all." (He hangs his head and speaks lower.) "I hope she will, if she won't I can work."

The little boy comes with a pitcher and mug and a plate of sandwiches. The Boy sits down and begins to eat and drink. He shares with the dog as he eats. Both seem to be very hungry.

Harold turns to the other boys and girls. "I don't believe a word he says. A farmer the other side of the village had his horse stolen last week. I think we ought to call the police."

Gertrude: "You ought to be ashamed, Harold, to *think* of such a thing!" She turns to another boy. "Come, *you* dance with me."

Harold goes one side and calls a smaller boy. "You run and get the police, Johnny. I'll keep the boy here and I believe we'll get a reward."

The boy runs off across the field. The orchestra plays. The children begin to dance, all but Harold. He stands watching the boy who finishes eating and leans back against the hay.

Harold: (to himself) "He's dead tired. Perhaps he'll go to sleep. I wish that officer would hurry."

While the dancing is going on, Mrs. Bond, who is Gertrude's mother, and Mrs. Dale, a visitor, come on the scene and watch the dancing. Mrs. Dale is very handsomely dressed. They walk near the haycock where the Boy is resting and pause, surprised to see a sleeping boy with a dog and a horse close by him. The children stop dancing and the music is very soft and slow.

Harold, very much excited, goes to first one and then another of the children saying—"That is Mrs. Dale—the very lady I told you about!"

Mrs. Dale: "What have you here? This boy is not one of your guests, is he?"

Mrs. Bond: "No. I think he is travelling somewhere. Gertrude just sent in the house for refreshments for him." Gertrude and Harold press forward. Harold speaks eagerly:—

"He is a *tramp,* and I think he stole that horse."

Mrs. Dale: "He has a very good face. He doesn't look like a tramp. He reminds me of someone, I can't think who. He looks as if he were in trouble. He must have been good to the horse and the dog or they wouldn't stay by him. I wonder who he is. Did you ask him?"

Harold: (looking a little ashamed) "He said he was trying to find his aunt, but I didn't believe him."

Mrs. Dale: "Why didn't you believe him? Did you ask him his aunt's name?"

Bob: "He didn't ask him anything. He just told him to go away, but Gerty made him stay and rest."

Johnny comes running up to the group around the Boy. "I've got him! Here's the police!"

Mrs. Dale and Mrs. Bond: "Police! What for?"

Harold begins to look ashamed. He hangs his head. The policeman comes forward. (A large boy either in uniform or plain clothes.)

"This boy said there was a horse thief here. Is that the horse he stole? Where's the man?"

Johnny: (pointing to the sleeping boy) "There he is."

Harold does not speak. He gets behind the other boys.

Policeman: "*That* little fellow asleep there?"

The voices awaken the Boy who sits up and rubs his eyes. When he sees so many persons standing around looking at him, he gets up, holding on to the horse's halter, and the dog's collar.

Boy: "What's the matter? Have I done wrong to go to sleep here? I'll go away now if some one will just direct me to my aunt's house. I am trying to find my aunt. She lives somewhere about here, I think."

Policeman: "Who is your aunt? Where does she live, and what is her name?"

Boy: "She's been away a long time and I never saw her, but I've got a letter in my pocket my father gave me for her. Here it is." He hands it to the officer.

Policeman: "It is a Mrs. Dale, and she lives—"

All together: "Mrs. Dale!"

Mrs. Dale presses forward and puts her hand on the Boy's shoulder. "Let me see the letter."

The officer hands it to her and she reads it. She puts her arm around the Boy, draws him to her and puts her handkerchief to her eyes. The children are very still. The music plays softly. In a moment she removes the handkerchief and still holding the boy to her side she speaks.

Mrs. Dale: "It is my sister's child. I've been in Europe a long time and I haven't seen him since he was a baby. I wrote to his father two weeks ago. I've been trying to find him. Now he is going to be my own dear boy. I shall invite you all to come and see him in his new home some day soon, and we'll have a fine garden party."

Gertrude: "I hope Harold won't send for a police officer to arrest any of us." All the children laugh. Harold hangs his head and walks away. The Boy and his aunt go away together, the Boy leading the horse. Mrs. Dale pats the horse and the dog—and keeps one arm around the Boy's shoulder. Mrs. Bond walks off the field with Mrs. Dale.

The children cheer them, and the orchestra plays a lively march. They all run to the Maypole and have another dance then march in procession off the field, Harold walking alone.—Anna Harris Smith.

CARE OF OUR USEFUL FRIENDS

Planting time has come again and we suggest to every one who has land enough to spare for shade to set out some evergreen trees, cedars, pines, or spruces, to give the birds shelter in the winter time. The pleasure of seeing juncos, chickadees, woodpeckers and sparrows around your house all winter is great for all who love birds—and everybody should love them.

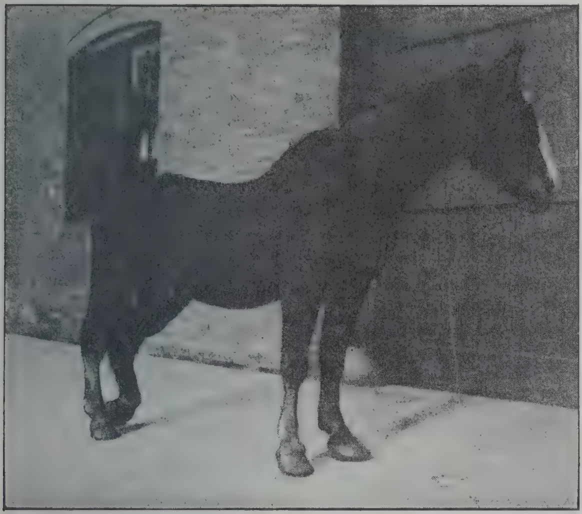
It is singular to note how many men who write on the subject of birds, lay their decrease in number to cats and ignore two very important reasons—the cutting down of trees, the very common habit amongst men and boys of shooting, and the continuance of the barbarous fashion of wearing feathers on hats.

Brave Act by Police Officer.

The prompt and plucky action of Patrolman A. S. Cosgrove of the City Square station saved three horses from being killed at a fire that broke out in the stable of H. M. Fairfield, Charlestown. The blaze was discovered by a citizen, who hurriedly notified Patrolman Cosgrove. The officer sent the citizen to the nearest box, and then burst in one door and ran up the run to the second floor, where the horses were kept. The fire was burning briskly by this time and the entire building was filled with smoke. The horses refused to move from their stalls until Cosgrove had tied some empty grain bags over their heads, after which he was able to hitch them together and lead them down the run.

Two Horses.

Within one hour on an afternoon in March two miserable horses, unfit for work, were taken from the streets by Dr. Sullivan and brought to the shed back of our kennels where they were given water, such feed as we could provide, and as they were too feeble to be taken to our Home of Rest in Dedham, they were released from their sufferings when evening came, on the spot where they had been given a few hours of comfort and rest. One of these horses was in a shabby express wagon and had been recently purchased from an Italian by a Jew who was quite ignorant of horses and their needs. Another was being dragged along the street to the North Station from whence he was to be freighted to Maine. This one was so lame, it seemed as if he would fall down every time he took a step. The man leading him was hired to take him to the station and was very evidently glad when he was waylaid by our doctor and made to end the painful journey at 51 Carver Street.



TAKEN OUT OF A CHEAP EXPRESS. SEE PAGE TEN.

If "Mad Dog Scares" could always be sifted down to actual facts it may be safely concluded that in more than nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand anxiety, fear, thirst, pain of body or mind, would account for all the symptoms miscalled rabies. Here is a case in point.

Shoots Lad's Pet Dog After Chase.

Such are the headlines of a story in the *Boston Herald* of March 11, which goes on to tell of "a real tragedy" in the South end. A small dog was enjoying himself at Dover and Albany Streets by sharpening his molars on the bottom of a telegraph pole when two or three girls passing by saw him and shouted 'Mad dog!' A crowd gathered and the little dog ran playfully toward them, but a brave man in the crowd threw a stone, striking the animal on the side. Resenting this the dog barked and made a run for his assailant, who ran for a car and jumped aboard.

"Pursued by the usual yelling crowd, the little dog ran up Harrison Avenue to Savoy Street, where a number of workmen stood with clubs and tried to brain him, but the little fellow dodged. To Washington and Savoy Streets he ran, pursued by a growing crowd, and Patrolman Mark King of East Dedham Street station joined on upper Washington Street.

"The policeman headed the chase, and at Rollins and Washington Streets the small dog turned as if to run at the policeman, but a bullet laid him lifeless. The spectators were positive the dog was frothing at the mouth and stood over the body excitedly discussing the case, until a little boy broke through the circle and, seeing the lifeless body of his playmate, cried as if his heart would break. The principals in the chase hurried off."

Well they might hurry off after their idiotic and cruel work! Surely the belief in witchcraft was no more insane than this hysteric fear of a frightened, suffering or panic-stricken dog.

HUMANE EDUCATION

To The Ass.

O Ass, of all the beasts the Lord did make
Thou art the one whom He hath favour'd most!
Prophetic sight and speech the Holy Ghost
Gave to thee: thou God's angel saw, thou spake.
In Bethlehem, beside the manger-bed
Where Mary laid her Jesus thou didst stand:
Safely thou carried into Egypt's land
These Holy Ones, by blessed Joseph led.
On thee, as was foretold, the Saviour meek,
A little while, ere He was crucified,
In triumph to Jerusalem did ride.
Thus thou wast honoured in Christ's Passion week:
O consecrated beast of God most high,
By man thou art despised—I know not why.

Henry Macdonald.

Dogs and Men.

Some time ago a woman fell into the water in full sight and within reach of two hundred men and boys on a Chicago dock and was allowed to drown without any effort being made to save her. An indignant Chicago official said the men "acted like dogs."

Probably the Chicago official never said anything more stupidly and senselessly untrue. If there had been two hundred dogs on the dock it is quite safe to say that a hundred and fifty of them would have jumped in to save her and no doubt would have drowned her by their eagerness to get her out. That is one of the essential differences between most dogs and most men—the one is instinctively and impulsively brave and self-forgetting and the other by instinct and impulse cowardly and selfish. We are speaking of averages and majorities, not of individuals on either side.

The fact is that in our dense human conceit we are constantly attributing to the lesser animals base and despicable traits and weaknesses which are essentially and almost exclusively human.—From *Child and Animal Protection,* Denver, Colorado.

Bungalow Notes.

Pine Ridge, March 16. Yesterday we had a glimpse of spring. The thermometer rose to 50 above and very little snow remained to be seen. The bird pool rippled and glistened in the warm sun and the birds, juncos and sparrows went in bathing for the first time since last fall.

Today Winter has returned with savage determination to give us one more good blast before he is thrust aside by genial Spring. In the night a cold wind came up which increased almost to hurricane. Snow fell, the thermometer went down forty degrees and stood when morn dawned at ten above. What a change met our eyes when we looked out the window. The sun shone but the snow was blowing from the trees and ground through the air so that one could hardly see the road. The trees were bending and swaying until it seemed as if they must snap off, and the birds—I feared the tremendous wind had blown them out of the trees and ended their little lives, but very soon they appeared in greater numbers than usual, and hungry as little bears. They flew and blew around the bird table, chickadees, juncos, sparrows, blue jays and woodpeckers, and were as merry as ever.

Pine Ridge, March 18. This being a milder day than we have had for some time the birds are probably searching the woods and fields for venturesome insects, for they have not been with us as they usually are, in flocks. One pair of nuthatches came up on the window ledge to the little crumb table there, and a pair of downy woodpeckers visited the suet.

The most interesting view from the windows has been the field side of the barn where Edward puts the poor Old Gray for safety. In the paddocks there are horses that would chase him. The experiment was made a few days ago of putting Dan in the field with him, as a horse is apt to feel lonely if no other horse is near him, but I happened to look out the window just as Dan was charging down upon the poor old fellow and he was making a feeble attempt to run, so I telephoned to the barn and Edward speedily went to the rescue.

Dan is also supposed to be an old horse but one would never believe it after seeing him race, a few days ago, head and tail up, all over the field, to escape Edward who wanted him to go into the barn. It was an amusing episode to an onlooker but I imagine it was not so funny to the pursuer.

The occasion was this,—but first I must explain the two participators in the frolic.

Dan is a pensioner, supposed to be past work by his owners. He was a carriage horse, and an old family pet. In loving memory of a mother and a home now broken up, Dan, who I think I heard his mistress speak of as "Dear old Dan", is sent to Pine Ridge to enjoy the freedom of the fields and to live out his days in happiness and peace. So much for Dan; now for the second actor in the scene.

"Foolish" is a mare brought up from a colt by a woman now in a difficult position. Her husband is ill and she is carrying on a dressmaker's business. She cannot bear to sell the little mare she has owned and loved for twenty years, and until her circumstances change Foolish (so named, her mistress says, because she was such a silly little colt) is with us.

Edward was going to church, and before he went he was taking into the barn some of the horses, as the air was damp and cold. When he opened the paddock gate, Dan and Foolish slipped through (I saw them), and instead of going into the barn, they began a wild career around the open field. Two wild horses could hardly have got over the ground or raced around and around a field with greater enjoyment and spirit.

At first I felt alarmed, for two reasons. One was, Old Gray stood in the middle of the field looking at the flying horses with surprised eyes, but they circled around him, running almost as evenly as if they were going around a race track. Before long Edward, with the assistance of a youth who was in the barn at the time, rounded up the two run-a-ways, and they trotted into the barn, probably hugely pleased with their escapade.

It was an hour or two later that I looked out and Old Gray was lying flat on his side. I watched him off and on, and for at least one hour he lay there occasionally raising his head and nibbling the grass as far as his poor old nose could reach.

What perfect rest he was enjoying! What bliss to this weary old slave, who has toiled for years, faithfully, patiently, with gradually failing strength, with growing pains and aches! Often, since he came to us, I see him standing on three legs, holding up for several minutes one of the hind legs that were both blistered and sore when I first saw him, standing in harness and begged his owner to give him a rest at Pine Ridge.

Old Gray is a type of many other old horses now at work in the city. It was with difficulty even with the effort of our veterinary doctor who went twice to the stable where Old Gray was kept and followed up my plea for this poor sufferer, that we got permission to take this horse, which, if our laws were what they should be, might be taken from his owner (not "condemned", which only means passed on to some other man) and put to his final rest.

"God help the others," some of us say, while others cry daily, "Oh, Lord, how long?"

One of our express horses went back to work this week, also a cab horse. These were not old horses and they were both so refreshed by several weeks rest at Pine Ridge that they were full of renewed life and spirit and really needed work. Two more are engaged to take their places, two that we have watched and longed to get into our care.

But these notes seem to be more stable than bungalow jottings. Birds, horses, dogs, cats, hens, goats (and across the lane, foxes), all come so close to the bungalow that they fill the thoughts and the life of those who dwell therein.—Anna Harris Smith.

LEAGUE NEWS AND NOTES

A League Incident.

The member of the League who rescued a large maltese cat that had been caught by one leg in one of those cruel steel traps that cause so much misery to animals, tells us how she found the cat:

"I came out of a house on Harvard Square and was about to get into my automobile when my attention was attracted by a peculiar sound as of a chain rattling. Turning quickly, I saw a cat trying to run along the sidewalk, dragging by one leg a heavy chain trap.

"I could not leave it in such a painful condition, but the cat had been so frightened and was in so much pain he ran through a barbed wire fence to get away from me, then he jumped over a stonewall, still dragging the trap, and got into a yard back of some apartment houses.

"I went around to the front and got through into the yard. The cat was no where to be seen. Then I began a search among the overflowing garbage barrels, which was a very unpleasant experience, but I was rewarded by finding the cat, caught by the chain in some planks, just out of my reach.

"Just then a gentleman passed along and I explained the trouble I was in. He very kindly telephoned to the Animal Rescue League and I stayed and watched the cat until the agent arrived.

"When he came, he crawled under the porch into a small, dark hole where the poor cat had taken refuge and taking the cat, chain and all, carried him off in the League runabout.

"The trap was so strong it took two men to release the cat's leg which was badly bruised and swollen but not broken."—M. G.

Our readers will be glad to hear that the good care given the cat restored him to health and happiness. A gentleman wishing for a maltese cat to replace one he had owned and been very fond of, asked to adopt him, promising the best of care and we have just received the following letter in response to our usual inquiry:

"Answering your enquiry received, I am glad to report that the maltese cat promises to emerge from his sorrows in good shape, although it will take quite a long time to get him accustomed to his new surroundings.

"His quarters so far have been in the yard foreman's office, a small building about 12 feet square with three full length windows and a southern exposure, and sheltered from the north winds by a series of stone sheds running parallel to his quarters. The cat is perfectly tame with me, and with the night watchman, and I think will soon get acquainted with others, particularly if the weather becomes warm enough for him to enjoy more outdoor life.

"Our carpenter yesterday completed an outing yard for the cat on the sunny side of his quarters, covered with wire to prevent his escape, and connected with his regular quarters by a doorway in which is a light door which will swing either way at the push of the cat.

"The cat contracted a slight cold in transportation, but seems to be getting over it all right. His diet consists of boned chicken for dinner, and he shares supper and breakfast with our night watchman, who has been in our employ for 44 years and is naturally fond of animals.

"The cat is very fond of having his neck rubbed, and is very affectionate with anyone who will pet him in this way. I will report further on this case at a later date when the cat gets still more domesticated. Yours very truly,—L. S. A." .

Telephone Calls and Visitors.

One very stormy day in February I asked the matron to give me a record of the telephone calls she received through the day.

There were 8 calls for Mrs. Smith; 12 calls for Dr. Sullivan; 3 calls asking what kinds of dogs we had to place in homes; 1 call for kennel master; 2 wrong number; 1 wanting a cat for home; 1 wanting a cat treated; 2 reporting lost dogs.

The agents were called to go to Cambridge; South Boston; East Boston; Jamaica Plain; Dorchester, 2 calls; city proper, 2 calls; Charlestown.

There were brought in by visitors, coming for that purpose, 16 cats and kittens, and 3 dogs.

There were 13 visitors to see the animals. This was during a snow storm, one of the worst days of the winter and a light day for League work.

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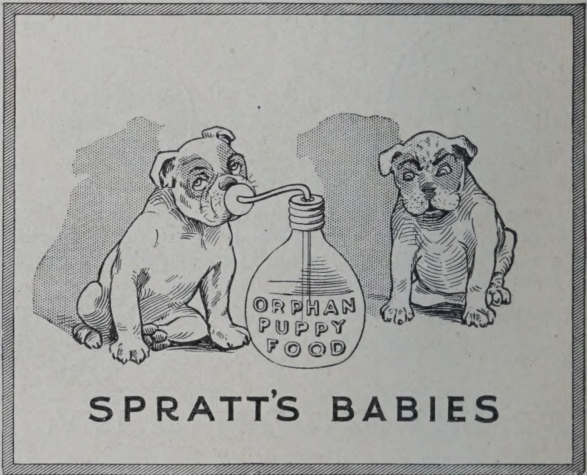

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